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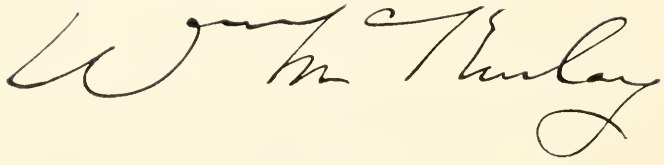

President 1897-1901.

MEMORIAL OBSERVANCES

OF

WILLIAM McKINLEY

BY

CITY OF WORCESTER

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William McKinley

Twenty-fifth President
of the
United States

Born in Niles, Ohio
January 29, 1843

Died in Buffalo, New York
September 14, 1901

Assassination of the President.

BUFFALO, Sept. 6.

President McKinley was shot and seriously wounded by a would-be assassin while having a reception in the Temple of Music at the Pan-American Exposition a few minutes after four o'clock this afternoon.

One shot took effect in the right breast, the other in the abdomen.

The first wound is not of a serious nature, and the bullet has been extracted. The latter pierced the abdominal wall and has not been located.

At 10.40 p.m. the following bulletin by the attending physicians was the only indication of the President's condition:

The President is rallying and is resting comfortably at 10.50 p.m. Temperature, 100.4 degrees; pulse, 124; respiration, 24.

(Signed) P. M. RIXEY,
M. D. MANN,
R. PARK,
H. MYNTER,
EUGENE WASDIN.

(Countersigned) GEORGE B. CORTELYOU,
Secretary to the President.

BUFFALO, Sept. 7.

The President's physicians issued the following bulletin at 1 a.m.:

The President is free from pain and resting well. Temperature, 100.2; pulse, 120; respiration, 24.

MILBURN HOUSE, BUFFALO, Sept. 8.

At 1.45 a.m. it was stated that the condition of the President was unchanged.

MILBURN HOUSE, BUFFALO, Sept. 9, 1.30 a.m.

No additional bulletin has been issued by the President's physicians, and none is expected until after three o'clock. The condition of the President is reported as unchanged.

MILBURN HOUSE, BUFFALO, Sept. 9, 9.30 p.m.

The latest bulletin of the night on the President's condition follows:

The President's condition continues favorable. Pulse, 112; temperature, 101; respiration, 27.

(Signed) P. M. RIXEY,
M. D. MANN,
ROSWELL PARK,
HERMAN MYNTER,
EUGENE WASDIN,
CHARLES McBURNEY.

GEORGE B. CORTELYOU, Secretary to the President.

MILBURN HOUSE, BUFFALO, Sept. 10.

The following bulletin was issued by the President's physicians at 10.30 p.m.:

The condition of the President is unchanged in all important particulars. His temperature is 100.6; pulse, 114; respiration, 28.

When the operation was done on Friday, it was noted that the bullet had carried with it a short distance beneath the skin a fragment of the President's coat. This foreign material was, of course, removed, but a slight irritation of tissues was produced, the evidence of which was apparent only to-night.

It has been necessary, on account of this slight disturbance, to remove a few stitches and partially open the skin wound. This incident can not give rise to other complications, but it is communicated to the public, as the surgeons in attendance wish to make their bulletins entirely frank. In consequence of this separation of the edges of the surface wound, the healing of the same will be somewhat delayed.

The President is now well enough to begin to take nourishment by the mouth in the form of pure beef juice.

(Signed) P. M. RIXEY,
M. D. MANN,
ROSWELL PARK,
HERMAN MYNTER,
CHARLES McBURNEY.

GEORGE B. CORTELYOU, Secretary to the President.

Milburn House, Buffalo, Sept. 11.

The following bulletin was issued by the President's physicians at 10 p.m.:

The President's condition continues favorable. Blood count corroborates clinical evidence of absence of any blood poisoning. He is able to take more nourishment and relish it. Pulse, 120; temperature, 100.4.

(Signed) P. M. RIXEY,
M. D. MANN,
ROSWELL PARK,
HERMAN MYNTER,
EUGENE WASDIN,
CHARLES McBURNEY,
GEORGE B. CORTELYOU, Secretary to the President.

Milburn House, Buffalo, Sept. 13.

President McKinley experienced a sinking spell shortly after two o'clock. The physicians are administering restoratives to him with the hope of reviving him.

A general call has gone out to the physicians and the members of the Cabinet now in the city.

Dr. Park reached the house at 2.50, and shortly after him came Secretaries E. A. Hitchcock and James Wilson.

The Associated Press has been authorized to say that President McKinley is critically ill.

At three o'clock all of the physicians were gathered at the bedside of the President. It was stated that digitalis was being administered to the President.

Several messengers were hurried from the house, and it was understood that they carried dispatches to the absent members of the Cabinet and the kin of the President.

Additional lights burn for those in the Milburn home, and the household is astir. Beyond the statement that the President is critically ill, no further announcement has been made, but it is manifest that the wounded President faces a grave and menacing crisis.

Alarm can be read in the actions of those to whose nursing and care he is committed.

The scene about the house is a dramatic one. The attendants can be seen hurrying about behind the unshaded windows, and messengers come and go hastily through the guarded door.

Mrs. Neell, one of the trained nurses suddenly called, arrived at 3.15. She sprang from an electric carriage and ran down the sidewalk to the house.

Death of the President.

MILBURN HOUSE, BUFFALO, Sept. 14.

President McKinley died at 2.15 a.m.

He had been unconscious since 7.50 p.m. His last conscious hour on earth was spent with the wife to whom he devoted a lifetime of care. He died unattended by a minister of the gospel, but his last words were an humble submission to the will of the God in whom he believed.

He was reconciled to the cruel fate to which an assassin's bullet had condemned him, and faced death in the same spirit of calmness and poise which has marked his long and honorable career. His last conscious words, reduced to writing by Dr. M. D. Mann, who stood at his bedside when they were uttered, were as follows:

"Good-bye, all; good-bye. It is God's way, His will be done."

The immediate cause of the President's death is undetermined.

His physicians disagree, and it will possibly require an autopsy to fix finally the cause.

The rage of the people of Buffalo against the President's assassin when they learned last night that he was dying was boundless. Thousands surrounded the jail, and the entire police force of the city and two regiments of military were utilized to insure his protection.

Upon learning of the President's death bells all over the city were tolled for one hour, which awoke Worcester to the grave news.

The chimes of Plymouth Church played "Nearer, My God, to Thee," "O, Paradise," and "Lead, Kindly Light."

BUFFALO, Sept. 14.

Theodore Roosevelt was tragically elevated to the chief magistracy of the American Republic by the death of President McKinley.

He had been President under the Constitution and law of the land since the minute the martyred President ceased to live. All the duties and powers of the office had devolved upon him, but he was powerless as the humblest citizen to exercise one of them until he had complied with the constitutional provision

requiring him to take a prescribed oath to support and defend the Constitution and laws of the United States. The oath was administered at 3.30 p.m. by Judge John Hazel.

Buffalo, Sept. 15.

The coroner of Erie County to-day issued the following certificate of death of the late President:

City of Buffalo.
Bureau of Vital Statistics.
County of Erie, State of New York.

CERTIFICATE AND RECORD OF DEATH OF WILLIAM McKINLEY.

"I hereby certify that he died on the fourteenth day of September, 1901, about 2.15 o'clock a.m., and that to the best of my knowledge and belief the cause of death was as here underwritten.

"Cause: gangrene of both walls of stomach and pancreas following gunshot wound.

"Witness my hand this fourteenth day of September, 1901.

(Signed) H. G. MATZINGER, M. D.,
H. R. GAYLORD, M. D.,
JAMES F. WILSON, Coroner."

Date of death, Sept. 14, 1901; age, 58 years, 7 months, 15 days.
Color, white. Married. Occupation, President of the United States. Birthplace, Niles, Ohio.
How long in United States, if foreign born, ———. Father's name, William McKinley.
Father's birthplace, Pennsylvania, United States.
Mother's name, Nancy McKinley.
Mother's birthplace, Ohio, United States.
Place of death, 1168 Delaware Avenue.
Last previous residence, Washington, D. C.
Direct cause of death, gangrene of both walls of stomach and pancreas following gunshot wounds.

Proclamation by the President of the United States.

By the President of the United States of America—

A PROCLAMATION.

A terrible bereavement has befallen our people. The President of the United States has been struck down—a crime committed not only against the chief magistrate, but against every law-abiding and liberty-loving citizen.

President McKinley crowned a life of largest love for his fellowmen, of most earnest endeavor for their welfare, by a death of Christian fortitude; and both the way in which he lived his life and the way in which, in the supreme hour of trial, he met his death, will remain forever a precious heritage of our people.

It is meet that we as a nation express our abiding love and reverence for his life, our deep sorrow for his untimely death.

Now, therefore, I, Theodore Roosevelt, do appoint Thursday next, September nineteenth, the day in which the body of the dead President will be laid in its last earthly resting-place, as a day of mourning and prayer throughout the United States. I earnestly recommend all the people to assemble on that day in their respective places of divine worship, there to bow down in submission to the will of Almighty God, and to pay out of full hearts their homage of love and reverence to the great and good President, whose death has smitten the nation with bitter grief.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done at the city of Washington, the fourteenth day of September, A. D., one thousand nine hundred and one, and of the independence of the United States the one hundred and twenty-sixth.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT,

(Seal) By the President.

John Hay, Secretary of State.

Proclamation by the Governor of Massachusetts.

The President has appointed Thursday next, September nineteenth, the "day in which the body of the dead President will be laid in its last earthly resting-place, as a day of mourning and prayer throughout the United States," and it is my wish to supplement his recommendation by this appeal to the people of the Commonwealth.

I earnestly recommend that business be suspended on that day, that the people gather in their usual places of worship to pay homage to the virtues and public services of President McKinley, and invoke the protection and guidance of Almighty God for our beloved country, and for him who has had thrust upon him so suddenly the great responsibilities of the office of President.

(Signed) W. MURRAY CRANE,
Governor.

Proclamation by the Mayor of Worcester.

Mayor's Office, Sept. 16, 1901.

In furtherance of the proclamation of the President of the United States, and that of the Governor of Massachusetts appointing Thursday next, September nineteen, "the day on which the body of the dead President will be laid in his last earthly resting-place, as a day of mourning and prayer," I earnestly recommend to the people of Worcester that all business be suspended on that day, and that the request of both proclamations be observed as far as possible.

I hereby direct that the City Hall be closed on that day and that all work in the several departments of the city be suspended, and that the public schools be closed throughout the entire day. I would recommend to the teachers of the schools that they lay aside the ordinary school work for at least a portion of Wednesday afternoon, and that the time be devoted to inculcating lessons from the life and character of the nation's dead.

PHILIP J. O'CONNELL, Mayor.

The President's Funeral.

DEPARTMENT OF STATE, WASHINGTON, Sept. 15.

The remains of the late President of the United States, after lying in state in the City Hall of Buffalo during the afternoon of Sunday, Sept. 15, will be removed to Washington by special train on Monday, Sept. 16, leaving Buffalo at 8.30 a.m., and reaching Washington at 9 p.m. The remains will then be carried, under escort of a squadron of United States Cavalry, to the executive mansion, where they will rest until 9 o'clock in the morning of Tuesday, Sept. 17. They will then be carried to the Capitol, accompanied by a military and civil escort, the details of which will be given in a separate notice. The remains will there lie in state. Religious services will be held in the rotunda of the Capitol on Wednesday at twelve o'clock noon. At one o'clock the remains, under a military escort, will be transferred to a funeral car and carried to Canton, O., via the Pennsylvania Railroad, arriving there on Thursday at 11 a.m., where arrangements for the final sepulchre will be committed to the charge of the citizens of Canton under the direction of a committee to be selected by the Mayor of that city. No ceremonies are expected in the cities and towns along the route of the funeral train beyond the tolling of bells.

(Signed) JOHN HAY,
Secretary of State.

Action of the City Council.

A special session of the City Council was held on Saturday, Sept. 14, at twelve o'clock noon, pursuant to a call from Mayor O'Connell, to take action on the death of President McKinley.

The Aldermen and members of the Common Council met in their respective chambers.

President Clee of the Common Council offered the following order, which was adopted in concurrence:

Ordered, That the Mayor be and is hereby requested to have the City Hall draped and flags displayed at half-mast until after the funeral of President William McKinley, and that the bells of the city be tolled during the hour set apart for the funeral.

The City Council then assembled in joint convention.

Mayor O'Connell's Remarks.

Mr. President and Gentlemen of the City Council: I have summoned you here to-day as the official representatives of the city to give a fitting expression to the universal feeling of sadness and grief that fills the heart of every citizen of Worcester on this sorrowful occasion. When the news reached Worcester over the wires that the President had been shot down at the hand of an assassin, it did not seem possible and we could not fully realize it. We did not believe that in the midst of the peace, happiness and prosperity that everywhere prevailed throughout the country there could be found one man so base as to entertain for a single moment such an idea, but when the news was confirmed and we learned the terrible truth, you and I and all of us felt that we, too, had been shot down, that the government we loved had been struck at by an enemy, that peace, prosperity and the maintenance of law and order had been dealt a cruel blow, and that another name was to be added to the list of those who will ever be remembered as martyrs to their country.

Day after day we have waited anxiously for news from the bedside of the President. We have prayed and hoped that he might be spared to his country, but an all-wise and divine Providence has decreed it otherwise, and we bow in humble submission to His will.

William McKinley is dead, but his memory will live forever in the hearts of his fellow countrymen. He was one of the best representatives of American manhood. He was a brave soldier, a brilliant and forceful orator, a patriotic statesman, and a great President. He was a self-made man, a kind, affectionate and dutiful son, and a tender, loving husband. He was the President of the whole people, and as such he was loved, honored and respected by the American nation to an extent hardly equaled by any of his illustrious predecessors. In this hour of the country's great sorrow let us draw some comfort from the thought that was so fittingly given expression to by another martyred President, James A. Garfield, on learning that Abraham Lincoln had been shot down: "God reigns, and the government at Washington still lives."

Alderman Lancaster offered the following resolutions, which were adopted:

The City Council of Worcester, in joint convention assembled, having heard of the untimely death of President William McKinley, which occurred at an early hour this morning, in the

city of Buffalo, desires to place itself upon record, in expression of its deepest sorrow.

Resolved, That we are therefore assembled here to-day in recognition of the sad event, that a chosen and trusted leader has fallen, and that this great loss touches very tenderly the hearts of eighty millions of our people.

For the third time within less than forty years the nation has been bereft of a patriotic and beloved magistrate by the wanton violence of a criminal citizen.

Resolved, That in common with our fellow-citizens in all parts of the United States, we mourn for the loss of a great American. The life of President McKinley presents an example of patriotism, of statesmanship, of nobility of soul, of kindness of heart, of disinterestedness of purpose, and of sublimest Christian faith, that will be an enduring monument to his greatness, and an inspiration to his fellow-countrymen during the ages to come.

Resolved, That his character commanded respect, and his marvelous tact and ability in making personal friends among all with whom he came in contact will always be remembered. He will live in the hearts of the people, and their sympathy will go out now with peculiar tenderness toward her who is so grievously stricken.

Resolved, That these resolutions be spread upon the records of the City Council of the city of Worcester.

Alderman Edward J. McMahon seconded the motion for the adoption of the resolutions. He said:

It is indeed a painful pleasure to rise at this moment to second the motion offered by the Alderman from Ward 1.

The President of the United States is dead. Beloved by his fellow countrymen, and in the very fullness of his manhood, he has been suddenly stricken down by the hand of an assassin, and to-day in apparent victory the red flag of anarchy is floating above us. I say apparent victory because, after all, there is no victory where right and justice do not prevail, and where such dastardly acts as the assassination of President McKinley are committed. The wretched man whose hand has taken the life of the chief magistrate of the nation, and whose foul act may have been prompted by a desire to strike a blow at the republic, can not even boast that he has effected even the slightest injury to the stability of our national institutions. For as our good and venerable Senator Hoar said to us a moment ago, in the Mayor's office, "The government will still go on." We, in this country enjoy liberty under law unparalleled in the history of

nations, and the man who would seek to imperil the peace or progress of our country is worthy only of the condemnation and execration of the American people.

As we stand with bowed heads and sorrowing hearts at the bier of the nation's dead, we keenly realize that no matter what divisions, among our people, party politics may require, in this our common bereavement there are to-day no Democrats, and there are no Republicans.

Eighty million American people are united to-day in paying mournful tribute to the memory of him who has been called by Senator Hoar "the best beloved President of the United States."

While love compels us to mourn our irreparable loss, and justice demands that we condemn the foulest crime in the nation's history, yet must we not forget to bow with submission to the omnipotent will of Him who is the Ruler of the Universe, and to pray to Him that He may continue to protect and preserve us a nation.

This is neither the time nor place for extended eulogy. I am certain that the committee having the matter in charge will arrange for the holding of a suitable memorial service, at which our fellow citizens will have an opportunity to express the universal sorrow which this great calamity has caused our country.

In closing, gentlemen, permit me to quote from a poem written and read by Rev. John J. McCoy of Chicopee at a memorial service in Worcester twenty years ago, after the death of President Garfield:

" 'Let us be glad, then, not mournful;
The man, not the nation, is dead.
His name, now, is national heritage,
And with glory of country is wed.
'Tis a sad cry, this cry of the widow!
But cross and crown is an old, old tale,
The man went to death for the people,
And hers is a Maccabee's wail.' "

Alderman Lichtenfels offered the following, which was also adopted:

Ordered, That a public meeting of the citizens of Worcester be held in Mechanics Hall on the day of the funeral of President William McKinley, and that a committee of nine be appointed, to consist of four members of the Board of Aldermen, and five members of the Common Council, including the President of each Board, the committees to be appointed by the President of

each Board, to act in conjunction with the Mayor in making arrangements for the meeting, and for any other meeting which may be held. The following were constituted a joint committee under this order:

W. LEVI BOUSQUET,
JOHN E. LANCASTER,
EDWARD J. McMAHON,
WM. G. LICHTENFELS,
Aldermen.

FREDERICK CLEE,
GEORGE L. CLARK,
OLAF G. HEDLUND,
JOHN J. POWER,
EMIL ZAEDER,
Councilmen.

Memorial Exercises

MECHANICS HALL, SEPTEMBER 19, 1901

Presiding Officer, Mayor Philip J. O'Connell

Programme

FROM THE "REQUIEM," . . . . *Brahms*

FESTIVAL CHORUS

PRAYER, . . . Rev. Geo. W. King, Ph.D.

ADDRESS, ... Hon. George F. Hoar

ADDRESS, . . . G. Stanley Hall, LL.D.

"NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE," . . *Bethany*

FESTIVAL CHORUS

ADDRESS, . Rt. Rev. Mgr. Thomas J. Conaty, D.D.

FROM "ST. PAUL," . . . *Mendelssohn*

FESTIVAL CHORUS

ADDRESS, ... Hon. John R. Thayer

PRAYER, . . Rt. Rev. Mgr. Thomas Griffin, D.D.

"AMERICA," . . . . . *Smith*

FESTIVAL CHORUS AND AUDIENCE

The seats on the platform were occupied by representative citizens of Worcester in every walk of life, among those there being the following:

Hon. E. B. Stoddard
Hon. F. A. Harrington
Hon. Henry A. Marsh
Hon. A. B. R. Sprague
Hon. David Manning
J. Lewis Ellsworth
George C. Hunt
Peter F. Sullivan
Mark N. Skerrett
John G. Hagberg
Arthur M. Taft
Homer R. King
Alderman W. Levi Bousquet
Alderman Edwin G. Barrett
Alderman W. G. Lichtenfels
Alderman H. A. Harrington

Alderman Edw. J. McMahon
Alderman Lucian B. Stone
Alderman John W. Mitchell
Alderman Louis J. Kendall
Councilman George L. Clark
Councilman James P. Crosby
Councilman Olaf G. Hedlund
Councilman Lewis J. Terrill
Councilman George N. White
Councilman John H. Connelly
Councilman Emil Zaeder
Councilman Jeremiah Mara
Councilman Jos. P. Morrissey
Councilman J. Louis Murphy
Councilman John J. Power
Councilman William J. Bragg
Councilman Frederick Clee
Councilman Thos. F. Harney
Councilman Geo. M. Wright
Councilman Julian F. Bigelow
Councilman David A. Donley
Councilman C. D. Mixter
Councilman Frank L. Stetson
Councilman George H. Nutt
Councilman Albert E. Newton
Councilman Nelson H. Davis
Councilman Charles S. Holden
E. H. Towne
W. Henry Towne
S. Hamilton Coe
Frank B. Hall
J. P. Munroe
Rev. Dr. Spenser B. Meeser
Rev. Charles W. Anderson
Rev. Hiram Conway
Rev. Henry E. Whyman
Rev. A. W. Hitchcock
Rev. Dr. Willard Scott
Rev. Austin S. Garver
Rev. Frank L. Phalen
Rev. Morris Kaplan
Rev. C. George Kaestner
Rev. William C. Hickey of Clinton
Rev. J. J. Lunney
Rev. William Adrian
Rev. J. F. X. Teehan
Rev. Bernard S. Conaty
Rev. Dr. George W. King
Rev. Henry Hague
Rev. Henry B. Washburn
Rev. James P. Tuite
Rev. James M. Cruse
Rev. Joseph Brouillet
Rev. Daniel F. McGillicuddy
Rev. J. Edward Perrault
Rev. D. H. O'Neill
Rev. J. F. Hanselman, S. J.
Rabbi Edward Rubinstein
Rev. J. A. Langevin
Rev. Joseph Laksztys
Rev. Dr. J. M. Van Horn
Rev. M. T. O'Brien
Rev. Vincent E. Tomlinson
Rev. A. C. Thompson
Rev. E. W. Phillips
Rev. George S. Dodge
Hon. Stephen Salisbury
William A. Lytle
Samuel R. Heywood
O. W. Norcross
Philip W. Moen
C. Henry Hutchins
Rufus B. Fowler
Hon. Charles G. Washburn
Col. Samuel E. Winslow
Gen. Robert H. Chamberlain
J. Evarts Greene
Charles F. Aldrich
Col. T. S. Johnson
Hon. William T. Forbes
Gen. Rockwood Hoar
Gen. Fred W. Wellington
Col. E. R. Shumway
Charles A. Chase
George H. Hathorne
Col. E. J. Russell
Henry S. Pratt
Edwin P. Curtis
B. W. Childs

James F. Carberry
David F. O'Connell
Dr. T. J. Barrett
Richard Healy
Enoch Earle
James Early
Lyman A. Ely
G. Henry Whitcomb
John R. Back
B. W. Potter
E. M. Woodward
O. B. Hadwen
Webster Thayer
Homer P. Lewis
Joseph Jackson
E. R. Goodwin
Dr. John C. Berry
Rev. Lyman Mevis
Patrick Conaty
M. B. Lamb
Hon. A. S. Pinkerton
F. H. Dewey
Dr. Lamson Allen
Caleb Colvin
W. H. Blodget
R. James Tatman
Henry F. Harris
W. W. Johnson
Milton P. Higgins
I. E. Comins
Charles E. Squier
Daniel W. Darling
George W. Mackintire
David Walsh
Dr. D. W. Abercrombie
Joseph A. Shaw
Prof. E. Harlow Russell
Charles C. Milton
Hon. M. V. B. Jefferson
Thomas Kiley
Samuel S. Green
Dr. Thomas H. Gage
Dr. C. A. Peabody
Charles R. Johnson
C. F. Carroll
James F. Ryan
Daniel E. Ayer
Eugene Belisle
Eben F. Thompson
John Lake
John M. Marble
Charles Nutt
Major W. T. Harlow

The exercises opened with a selection from Brahms' "Requiem," by the Festival chorus, over 200 voices, under the direction of Mr. Charles I. Rice.

Prayer was then offered by Rev. George W. King, Ph.D., pastor of Trinity Methodist Church, as follows:

O God, we are in sorrow. We are bereaved this day, individually and as a nation. We are sitting in the shadows. The darkness is round about us, and the dark weather that has hung over the earth in the past few days is but a fit symbol and drapery of this national funeral.

We mourn to-day the loss of a friend, a statesman, a magnificent leader. And yet we are not altogether cast down, for we still believe in Thee, and as the clouds have broken

asunder and revealed to us the sun still shining, so on this day, in spite of our tears, in spite of our sorrows, we are glad to believe God reigns in the heavens. We are glad to believe that Thou art, and that Thou art for the right.

"For right is right, since God is God;
And right the day must win;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin!"

May we never doubt this. May we trust Thee in this our personal and national bereavement.

Foolish men would dethrone Thee if they could, and would dethrone Thee by dethroning human governments, for the governments of men are ordained of God. Surely "He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh" at them; "the Lord shall have him in derision."

Not only in derision dost Thou defeat the foolish purposes of men, but in mercy. We thank Thee that we do not always have our own way; for, if we did, we would often, like Samson, pull the structure of life down upon our own heads.

And this day may we not pray for the deluded, foolish, and ignorant among us? May we not pray for the anarchist? Thou hast taught us to pray for our enemies. We pray, therefore, enlighten Thou the mind of the anarchist.

May we pray for the demon who has killed our President—for the man who has committed this awful crime? If he has a spark of humanity left, we pray that Thou wilt fan it into life, and, while he is undergoing the just retribution of his nation's laws, may God Almighty have mercy on his soul!

We thank Thee for our nation and for him whom we mourn this day. Thou art still with us, and "the government at Washington still lives."

We thank Thee that in the death of our martyred President a new atonement has been wrought for our national redemption. We repent the necessity of such an atonement; we lament the conditions which made possible such a crime. We all feel in a measure responsible for it. But grant, we beseech Thee, that out of the wounds of our President, out of

the blood of this atonement, we may learn lessons we shall never forget.

Bless our nation for the future, and grant that we may not refuse "the white man's burden," nay, the Christian man's burden. May we know Thy purposes and plans, and may we follow Thy plans even unto the ends of the earth.

We pray Thee, bless our new President. We thank Thee for his wisdom and judgment already manifested in his difficult and delicate position. We pray that Almighty God may be about him, and that the angels of God may keep him from stumbling, and that this man of courage and destiny may be so under Thy guidance that he will direct our ship of state so that it may accomplish the purposes for which Thou hast founded it.

There is one heart that suffers most in this national bereavement. It is the heart of a woman. We pray that Thou wilt bless her and sustain her during this terrible hour; and we pray that in the days of reaction and solitude in her own home life that follow this hour the Everlasting Arms may be about her.

We pray, our Father, for Thy blessing upon this occasion. Bless the speakers, bless this audience, bless this city, bless the Commonwealth.

And may we not ask that Thou wilt make us loyal to Christian institutions, to Christ and the church?—to the church because it is back of Christian institutions, and to Christ because He is back of the church, and to God, who is over all.

Thou art the Ruler of all men. We owe our life and everything to Thee. We commit ourselves to Thy service. May we walk humbly in Thy footsteps and do Thy will; and unto Thy name, and Thy name only, will we ascribe all the praise, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Mayor O'Connell's Remarks.

Mayor O'Connell then opened the meeting, saying:

Ladies and Gentlemen: All over this broad land, from ocean to ocean, eighty millions of people are bowed down with the grief and sadness of this hour. To-day, all that is mortal of William McKinley will be laid in its last resting-place, but the memory of his life, character and services will be treasured forever by a grateful country as one of its most valued possessions. Without regard to race, creed, or political belief, and with a unanimity unequaled in the history of any nation, the people of the United States are pouring forth their grief and sympathy and sorrow for the great loss their country has suffered. As a citizen, as a soldier, as a statesman, as a governor and as a president, William McKinley rendered most valued and distinguished services to his country. Frequent and important as were the demands that were made upon him, he was equal to every responsibility with which he was intrusted.

He lived for the people, and he died for the people, and even in the manner of his death, cruel and awful as it was, he seems to have been made the instrument of a great and lasting service to his country. If he who struck him down supposed, even for an instant, that he was going to inflict an injury to this government, he has miserably failed. As a result of his act our countrymen are more united than ever before. Our love, respect and reverence for the Constitution and laws of the nation, and our respect and honor for those occupying high and important places, are stronger than ever.

William McKinley was not afraid to die. There never was a moment throughout his career when he would not have willingly given his life for his country, and when the fatal hour came he met death unflinchingly, and with a resignation and calmness that will not soon be forgotten. "It is God's way. His will be done." These words, the last he ever uttered upon the earth, will be forever linked with his name and career, and it is well, for they are indicative of his whole life.

A few months ago this city anxiously looked forward to the promised visit of the President. We would gladly have given him evidence of the universal esteem and honor with which he was held by the people of the city of Worcester. But a divine Providence has decreed it otherwise, and we, too, bow in humble submission to His will. But as long as time lasts, as long as the noble deeds of a brave, honest and patriotic man awaken a chord of sympathy in the human heart, Worcester will hold in grateful remembrance the name of William McKinley.

In introducing Senator Hoar, Mayor O'Connell said:

It is not my duty to address you at any length; it is rather the simpler one of introducing those who are to follow.

We are fortunate in having with us to-day one who I believe in the past four years more frequently and more openly expressed his love, honor and respect for William McKinley than any other man in New England, if not in the country; one who dearly and sincerely loved the President, and one who in turn was loved by him, our own beloved and distinguished Senator, Hon. George F. Hoar.

Hon. George F. Hoar's Address.

Massachusetts' honored senior Senator was warmly greeted by his friends and neighbors. In a voice that showed plainly his feelings at the loss of his friend and chief, he said:

The voice of love and sorrow, to-day, is not that which cometh from the lips. Since the tidings came from the dwelling at whose door all mankind were listening, silence, the inward prayer, the quivering lip, the tears of women and of bearded men, have been the token of an affection which no other man left alive has inspired.

This is the third time within the memory of men not yet old that the head of the republic has been stricken down in his high place by the hand of an assassin. Each of them was

a man of the people. Each had risen by the sheer force of excellence from the humblest beginning. The life of each was a proof that in one great country men rise from the lowest to the highest places by virtue only of the upward gravitation of a manly character.

The stroke every time was at Liberty, not at Despotism. In the great strife which has been going on through all ages between Equality and Despotism, between Manhood and Privilege, between Justice and Oppression, these men were on the side of Humanity. The lives stricken down had been spent in the service of no selfish ambition, no personal ends, but only that the very men who smote them might be better off. If there were any men on earth who ought to have prayed and striven that the life of Abraham Lincoln, or James A. Garfield, or William McKinley should be spared, and that their noble and lofty aspirations might be fulfilled, it was the men who struck them down.

Booth fancied he was avenging the wrongs of the South. Yet the whole South thinks now that she never had a truer or wiser friend than Abraham Lincoln.

The man who murdered McKinley was a Pole. He was of a race whose country had been parted among despots, as wild beasts devour their prey, but who had found here in our republic the door open to freedom and equality, to a comfort and prosperity, which William McKinley had done more than any other to create. Why! at the moment of the crime, this man, a humble citizen, was welcomed to join hands as an equal with the chief magistrate of the country. It could have happened nowhere else on earth. This was a blow struck at the principle of human equality itself, as it was recognized by the leader of a great people, on a great public occasion.

If there be anything of reason or of hope in the wild delirium of these conspirators, crimes like this are the sure way to baffle it. The anarchist, whatever may be his dream, can only bring us back to the beast again. When his doctrine shall prevail, man must wander once more like the orang-outang in the forest.

The folly of this action, the supreme and utter folly of it,

would move us to laughter if it were not for the terrible tragedy. What has ever been or ever can be gained by these crimes? Eight strong men, one of them chosen by the same people who chose McKinley, the others chosen by him as his honored and trusted counselors, were ready in turn to take the helm of state. The anarchist must slay seventy-five million Americans before he can overthrow the republic or the doctrine on which the republic is builded.

We shall, I hope, in due time, soberly, when the tempest of grief has passed by, find means for additional security against the repetition of a crime like this. We shall go as far as we can, without sacrificing constitutional liberty, to repress the utterance of doctrine which in effect is nothing but counseling murder.

We shall also, I hope, learn to moderate the bitterness of political strife and to avoid the savage attack on the motive and character of men who are charged by the people with public responsibilities in high places. This fault, while I think it is already disappearing from ordinary political and sectional controversy, seems to linger still among our scholars and men of letters.

Is it strange that a Pole, bred to regard government as synonymous with crime, should have failed to learn the lesson, even in our free schools and free streets, that here government and human liberty and human welfare are inseparable, when there comes from the college hall, from the scholar's desk, and sometimes from press and pulpit, the constant preaching that the country is base, and that the rulers of the republic are corrupt and wicked? Good men, and patriotic men, are not, all of them, free from censure in this matter.

The things about which good men differ most sharply and angrily in our day are those which concern the application of the simplest principles of justice and righteousness to the conduct of states, as in former times men differed about the simplest principles of religious faith. In such case, the man who is most positive and most intolerant is the surest to be wrong.

The moral is, not that we should abate our zeal for justice

and righteousness or our condemnation of wrong, but only that we should abate in the severity of our judgment of the motives of men from whom we differ.

These bitter and uncharitable critics, especially if they speak from places which seem to give them authority, if their arrows be feathered with the graces of speech and of culture, also serve to arm and equip other men more dangerous than themselves. It is they who are behind the anarchist. It is they who excite the crazed brain of Guiteau and shotted the weapon of Czolgosz.

But this hour is devoted to the memory of the dead President. I can only repeat now what I thank God it was given me to say while he lived, that he was our best-beloved President, save only Washington and Lincoln.

The tributes to the excellence of President McKinley do not come from personal or political friendship alone, and are not born of a present sorrow. Men who differed from him in opinion most widely on the great questions of the time, loved and honored him if only they knew him.

About three months ago I sat by an eminent Democrat, holding high office, of large influence in the public life of the country, earnest and zealous in his dislike of every political principle and measure of Mr. McKinley. He poured out his heart to me in a warm and affectionate declaration of regard for him. He spoke of his sincerity, his simplicity, his frankness, his modesty, his never-failing kindness and courtesy, and his great power as a leader of men.

Congressman McCall, who had differed with him most sharply on the greatest single measure of his administration, declares that "one of God's finest gentlemen has gone out of the world; one who in every part of his nature was as sweet and gentle as a child."

The veteran Senator Vest of Missouri, who never failed to speak out frankly what was in his heart from any restraint of time or occasion, most pugnacious of political champions, Confederate, Southerner, free-trader, advocate of state's rights, and of free silver, zealous opponent of the course of the administration as to the Philippine Islands, has paid a like tribute

to his gentleness, his courtesy, and to his ability as a great leader of men. These are but types of the opinion of all men who knew the President.

The belief that President McKinley lacked intellectual power, or firmness, or strength of will, long ago disappeared as his countrymen came to know him better. I do not believe there is a stronger personal force left on earth than that veiled by his quiet and gracious manner. Those who denied his absolute integrity and patriotism and desire for justice and liberty will as surely change their minds.

Is there in history or in poetry the story of a knightlier chivalry than that of this man's devotion to the wife of his youth? In his home, the foremost household of the republic, has been the foremost example of that household virtue, the love of husband and wife, which is the one best thing man has gained so far in the uncounted years of his evolution.

He was a man of simple, lofty and quiet courage, as became an American citizen and a veteran soldier. He might have avoided this fate. There were never wanting counselors enough to bid him surround himself with guards, or shut out the people from his presence, or keep away from the places where they were gathered. But he would take no heed of such warning. He liked better to trust himself to the affections of his countrymen, to their knowledge that he deserved their love, that he merited well of them, and cared for nothing but their welfare. He was thinking ever of their safety, not of his own. He would rather win his enemies than intimidate them. He ever seemed to be saying:

> "Love thyself last; cherish those hearts that hate thee;
> Corruption wins not more than honesty;
> Still in thy right hand carry gentle Peace,
> To silence envious tongues. Be just and fear not;
> Let all the ends thou aim'st at, be thy Country's,
> Thy God's, and Truth's; then if thou fall'st
> Thou fall'st a blessed martyr."

The presence of death reveals the inmost soul. It assures the sincerity of the man as no oath or penal sanction can do it.

> "He nothing common did, or mean,
> Upon that memorable scene."

"The bed of death," as our great orator said, "brings every man to his individuality. A man may live as a hero, a statesman, or a conqueror, but he must die as a man." Surely courage, and love, and faith, are still the great attributes of a noble and manly character. What pride do we all feel in our beloved country, what pride in the republic which calls such men to her high places, when we hear the simple story of what he said in those moments of supreme trial, when the death-blow was struck, when he lay awaiting the result, and at last, when he knew his fate? The sublime pity for the wretch who had murdered him: "DON'T HURT THE MAN." The cheerful counsel to his wife: "WE MUST BEAR UP; IT WILL BE BETTER FOR BOTH OF US." The murmured verse of the beautiful hymn:

"Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee,
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me.
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee."

"Good-bye, all. Good-bye. It is God's way. His will be done."

Ah! my friends, if we have given to us in this world a divine pattern, and are commanded to imitate the divine example, surely there can be no presumption or blasphemy in saying that men have sometimes attained unto it. If the spirit of Him who said in His dying hour: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do;" who, if the cup were not to pass from Him, submitted His own will to His Father's, and commended, in dying, his spirit, to the Spirit that made it, ever hath been manifested in the conduct of any human being, it was found in that of McKinley.

We will place William McKinley in our Valhalla. He was a favorite of the people. He was a leader of men. He knew the people that he ruled. His power was of the sunshine, not of the tempest. Whether the great measures with which his name is inseparably connected were wise or unwise, righteous or unrighteous, must be settled by later and more deliberate verdict than ours. History will declare, I think,

that he believed them right and wise, that he loved his countrymen, and loved libetry.

But in this hour, as we stand by the grave of our beloved, we are thinking of the simple household virtues which make the whole world kin, and which, after all, are the strength of the republic and the foundation of all human society. The pure family life, the love of one man for one woman, the sincere friendship, the unfailing kindness, the open heart, the modest bearing, the sweet and gracious demeanor—it is these of which our hearts are full; it is these that cling to the good man's memory here and hereafter.

Peace to his ashes. The benedictions of millions of Americans are falling now upon his new-made grave like dew.

"Hush! the Dead March wails in the people's ears,
The dark crowd moves, and there are sobs and tears;
The black earth yawns; the mortal disappears:
  Ashes to ashes, dust to dust;
  He hath gone who seemed so great.—
Gone; but nothing can bereave him
Of the force he made his own
  Being here; and we believe him
  Something far advanced in state,
And that he wears a truer crown
Than any wreath that man can weave him.
  Speak no more of his renown,
  Lay your earthly fancies down,
And in the sweet earth's bosom leave him.
God, accept him; Christ, receive him."

Mayor O'Connell then presented Dr. G. Stanley Hall, LL.D., president of Clark University.

Dr. G. Stanley Hall's Address.

Fellow Citizens: There are here no parties, creeds or classes, for grief makes us all brethren to-day, as we "bury our great chief with a nation's lamentation." The crape, the eulogies, the prayers, the requiem "tides of music's golden sea, setting

towards eternity," all the sad processionals of these last four days are no mere pageantry of official mourning, but there are sobs and tears warm from the heart of thousands who never met our fallen captain.

All wives and sweethearts loved him, because even from the high and necessary business of state he found time for those tender, chivalric ministrations to his frail helpmeet which every woman's heart most hungers for in the man of her choice, and to emulate which would make all men more ideal husbands and augment those very domestic virtues and joys which now so need increase among us. No wonder if many a woman would have gladly died to save him.

All religious people loved him. No less true to the church than to the home, he worshipped the Great Master after the way his fathers thought best, and as he passed into the valley of the dark shadow that we all supremely dread and fear, it was with the assured faith that he was drawing nearer his God. His end was the fit culmination of a good man's life, and adds a yet new confirmation and illustration to the teaching of every creed and pulpit that death is victory and not defeat. Small wonder, then, that every churchman of whatever sect will long and fondly cherish his memory as a Christian hero.

All soldiers loved him. In youth he faced the grim chance of war in the cause of freedom, and wore in life and death the button of the Grand Army of the Republic, that is a passport to the heart of every veteran, whether in blue or gray, and means so much to every patriot. Younger soldiers, who fought at Manila and Santiago, revered him not only as chief of the army and navy, but felt bound to him by that strange, manly love of all comrades who have tasted the hardships of camp and passed the red baptism of blood together, and which only soldiers know.

His foes loved him. In council, where so much of his life was passed, he persuaded where others would have coerced. His suavity never sharpened, but took away the personal sting from the bitter antagonisms that surged about him. He allayed rancor and strife, and many a political enemy left his

presence a personal friend. Like Lincoln, he paused on the brink of great decisions, where rasher and more impetuous natures would have been precipitate, till the voice of the people, which he revered as that of God and whose mouth-piece and oracle his office made him, became clear and united, and then abode by his resolve. By birth and by temperament a man of the people, in office he became to a rare degree their living epistle, known and read of all. No wonder he trusted himself unguarded among them, and no wonder that the bullet that laid him low drew blood from the heart of every loyal citizen.

When Rome was declining to its fall and Otho, the best of her later emperors, died, strong men slew themselves from sheer grief, pathos and despair, for the hope of the world seemed extinguished in a gathering twilight of all the gods and men. But for our ship of state, acute as it is, this sudden shock is of the wave and not the rock, for God reigns, the government is safe, and we shall press on our upward way.

The country we love is not a mere geographical term; it is more than all our rich fields, prairies, hills, coasts, or populous cities. It is more than a corporation, a trading guild with its manifold and prosperous marts and all its trade and commerce. Our fatherland is also a state invisible, not made with hands, a great treasury of golden deeds. Its moral wealth and worth are enriched by the blood of every soldier or martyr for a century and a quarter. It is made more precious by every act of devotion, heroism or self-sacrifice in its behalf. Every vote with intelligence and conviction behind it; every tax fairly levied, ungrudgingly paid and wisely expended; every public service that takes time and strength from our private affairs; every effort for municipal, educational, moral or social reform, enhances the common wealth, the storehouse of accumulated virtue, makes citizenship better and mean more, makes a purer and more quickening atmosphere for children to grow up in and for us to live and die in.

Man is preëminently a political creature, a state builder, and true, real politics is, as Aristotle well said, his highest vocation. Our great republic, the highest expression of humanity

with all its hopes and all its fears which history has yet seen, is worthy of the very highest earthly love, service and devotion of man; and our flag that now happily hangs in or waves beside every schoolhouse in the land, that has floated in every battle since Lexington, which has been torn with shot and shell and led every forlorn hope that our soldiers have so often turned into victory, is the emblem of a meaning ever fuller and more sacred, that says to every citizen, wherever he is, that he is not alone, but part of the great organic whole, which men have died to make free, as Christ died to make men holy.

If, then, ours is the noblest of nations, best fitted to usher in a higher type of man, anarchism, which is well called "ignorance set on fire," and which would destroy all this and all government without which man becomes a beast, is blackest here where institutions are best. Bred and maddened by despotism, even its desperate programme should lose its full momentum here and turn from mere negation to some positive or colonial scheme where its vagaries would grow harmless. In all the sad annals of assassination a monster who, almost in the act of grasping the friendly hand which our land in the person of its benign chief holds out to the vilest, shoots down our Captain Great Heart, as if he were an outlaw, adds to politics a new shudder of horror and commits a crime without a name, and all direct incitement to such butchery legislation should hasten to brand with the infamous punishment it deserves.

As the office of President grows in responsibility, it not only needs more protection, but is surer to enlarge the man who holds it and to bring out the best and greatest possibilities of his nature and repress all that is small or bad, as indeed it has always done in our past, for no incumbent has ever disgraced it. Under the guidance of him we mourn, we have secured sound money, and a business prosperity greater than ever before. We were already the great nation of the New World, but now in the irresistible logic of events we have become a potent factor in all the larger problems of the Old. Before, our statesmen pondered our own history and perhaps that of the mother country, but to guide the genius and destinies of

our greater republic they must now study the history and politics of the world. Our moral influence had long been profound and transforming, but we have added to this new and more material international responsibilities and opportunities in commerce and politics as we take a higher seat in the world's great parliament. Whether it is hard or easy, we must now in a measure forget the things that are behind, while we strive to realize the grand Stoic motto and accept the inevitable with joy. For we now live in a nation greater than any of the founders of our government foresaw, and even their wisdom must be transcended, warmly as its lessons must ever be cherished.

Phidippides, the valiant warrior chief of ancient Greece, after a great victory ran to the Acropolis, outstripping all others in the race, and in the very act of shouting, "Rejoice, for Athens is now free and great," fell dead, exhausted by his labor, by a special favor of the gods, who would permit him no decline, but for reward let him die at the zenith of his power. So our leader had just recounted, almost with his last words, the achievements of his stewardship that made our country greater and happier, even on the dreadful brink of the red grave to which he sank, exhausted, perhaps, by his labor beyond the power of recovery from his wounds, and it may be died now by special favor of the gods.

Perchance, his work was done. Can we better keep his memory warm in our hearts and green in our lives than by now pledging each other, when a touch of sorrow has made us all akin, that we will henceforth love and serve our native land more devoutly; that, while we can and will abate none of our convictions, our partisanship shall henceforth be without the sting of personal rancor; that we will be mindful that bitterness may inflame the weak or degenerate to violence; that this day shall be forever sacred to the common good for which our government and civilization stand, and to that deeper unity that underlies all differences of calling, class, party and creed, and which makes all men everywhere brethren, because children of the same God. If we do this henceforth, it is only ashes they are at this very hour burying at

Canton, and the soul of our fallen chieftain will go marching on through the ages; it will abide with us as a diffusing power that makes for civic righteousness, and harmony and order will be no less insured than liberty and progress.

At the conclusion of Dr. Hall's address, the Festival chorus sang "Nearer, My God, to Thee."

The next speaker was Rt. Rev. Mgr. Thomas J. Conaty, D.D., president of the Catholic University of America.

Monsignor Conaty's Tribute.

The watchers by the bedside of the dying President have issued their last bulletin. The hopes we so fondly cherished for his recovery are unrealized. President McKinley is dead. Loving hands have borne his body to the Capitol, the national honors have been paid to him, and devoted friends are now laying him to rest in his western home. All eyes are following that procession to the grave. In sorrow and anguish of heart, a nation reverently bends over the grave of its martyred President. One in thought, one in love and one in praise, a united people speaks to the world its affection for its beloved President. No discordant note is heard in its requiem, as all chant—

"How tenderly we loved him! How deeply we deplore!"

Our President has been snatched from life by the dastardly deed of a base assassin. It is hard to say it, harder still to bear it, but God's ways are not men's ways—God's holy will be done. All our differences of politics, creed, and race are for the moment forgotten. All are merged in a common citizenship which weeps bitter tears over the bier of its citizen President chosen to rule, and ruling in love and justice. We loved him in life, we love him still more tenderly in death, and we love now more strongly than ever the republic whose destinies he so faithfully guided. But the nation lives and the people rule. We are not a dynasty; our destiny depends on no

one family, or no one man. We are a free people and our government rests on the families of the land. We are stronger to-day than ever before. The blood of the martyred President is the seed of a greater vitality and farther reaching virility. His death is a seal of our unity. The name of William McKinley is enshrined in a people's love and will be bequeathed to their children as a precious inheritance from one of the truest of Americans.

"Woe's the day! and dead
While yet the fields of his most golden prime
Are rich in all the pomp of summer time
With all their ripening wealth unharvested."

I come as a citizen at the bidding of our fair city to add my tribute to the memory of a man whom it was my privilege to know somewhat intimately, and my greater privilege to love. We differed radically on questions of religion, and there were differences of opinion as to matters of public policy, but as we discussed them we were none the less certain of one another's honesty of purpose and desire to do what was right. As President he had to deal with vast problems, which were complicated by religious interests demanding the most judicious statesmanship. The position of the Catholic Church in our new possessions, the rights of property and of conscience, the relation of the government toward religion, all these were questions of serious moment, and I feel that the President approached them with a desire to understand them and answer them right. Men are not agreed that the full solution has yet been found, but I feel that any failure in that direction is not due to a lack of disposition to do justice. I have an abiding faith that as we grow into greater confidence in one another we will meet all our national problems in the spirit of fairness and justice, which I always recognized in President McKinley. There was no narrowness in his nature, for he always recognized that he is truest to American principles who not only acknowledges, but safeguards the rights of individual conscience. I admired him for his broad-mindedness, which made him despise the men who would light the torch of ostracism of any citizen because of his religious views. We are none

the less loyal citizens and friends because our consciences point to different pathways in religious belief and practice. He was proud to assert that character and merit should win place, and that no man's creed, color, or race should be a bar to preferment. He was indeed one of God's noblemen, and it is no wonder that hearts stood still, and tongues were voiceless when the message of death was tolled in the quiet of the midnight hour. We are not called upon now to assign him to his definite place among the world's great men. Estimates may differ, and no doubt will differ, as to the value of his policies as men's views determine their attitude to questions of policy. The better to understand his life and aims, we should try to find his viewpoints, remembering always that the horizon of the man in the watch-tower is vaster than that of the man on the plain.

Need I picture him through a life of good deeds, even when the white light that beats about the throne shone upon him, as the first citizen of the land. He was a youth with deep religious feelings, struggling for education, a soldier at eighteen, generously answering Lincoln's call for volunteers to save the Union, with brave deeds on many battlefields, trusted messenger and daring officer, rising by his ability and valor to highest positions, an earnest of the official responsibilities which were afterwards thrust upon him by his city, district, State and nation. We remember him as a figure in Congress, studying the problems of industrial development, and giving his name to a system of revenue which was destined to utilize the brain and brawn of American workingmen, and while bringing to American markets the traders of the world, to give to the American mechanic an independent home and the comforts of life far beyond those enjoyed by labor in any other country. Mr. McKinley was wise enough and broad enough to see that conditions change, and his last public utterance sounded the note of reciprocity and the necessity for amendment of tariff legislation. It is only a great man who has the courage to change his views when determined by what is right and best. A leader in his party councils, he was always faithful to his promises, casting aside official recognition that

he might prove his high sense of honor to the men to whom he had pledged his support. "Is it then so praiseworthy not to do a dishonorable thing?" Such was the keynote to his public life. Such an honorable act would meet with reward, for men value loyalty and honesty, and we were not surprised to find him in time called to the highest office in the gift of a free nation. He grew in greatness as responsibilities were thrust upon him. He won to himself a personal following far beyond the limits of his party, and this was largely due to a confidence which men had in him, at a time when industrial and commercial conditions cast fear into many serious minds. Public confidence was restored and the busy hum of trade made the nation take a mighty step forward. We recall the trying days of the Cuban excitement and the President's anxiety to prevent war. He knew what war meant, and it was not until he could no longer resist the clamors of Congress for Cuban independence that he yielded and led his country to greatest successes. The Chinese difficulty brought international complications, which were met with a prudence, a statesmanship, and an absence of vindictiveness which have won the admiration of the world. He became a necessity to his party and to his country, and he was called to a second term with an acclaim and an enthusiasm which again attested a people's confidence. It only determined him to a greater effort to be, in deed as in name, the President of the whole people. He aimed to give an ideal administration to the republic which, under him, has become one of the greatest nations on earth. Tremendous responsibilities had arisen and absolute discretion had been given to him, and he approached all problems, and especially those presented by the new possessions, with carefulness, justice, and kindness. He had given his name to our industrial development, and his name was to be attached to those foreign policies of the government which promise an expansion of territory and power of which the wildest enthusiast had never dreamed. His life-long study of economics and of the theory of government, his careful selection of prudent and able advisers, eminently fitted him to enter upon the greatest career yet open to our presidents, and he

was constantly growing into the proportions of the man for the hour. There was nothing of the autocrat, the usurper, or the emperor about him—he was the most democratic of rulers, who loved to acknowledge his sonship from the people and his duty to the mandates of the people.

"He ruled no serfs and he knew no pride,
He was one of the workers side by side."

He was a firm believer in party politics, but he recognized also that country was greater than party. He strove for unity as he had fought as a soldier for unity. He wished his country to have no peer in all the world. His democracy was built upon the simplicity of a good home, and his public life had its source in an irreproachable private life. He loved his country because he loved his home. He loved his kind because he loved his parents and his wife, and he loved all because he loved God. No one can ever forget the tenderness of his home affections; his devotion to his aged mother in the days of her declining health, and to his beloved wife in all the difficulties and sorrows of her health will ever shine as the brightest jewels in a worthy life. His moral character was beyond reproach. His ideals of life were of the noblest. No breath of suspicion ever tarnished the brilliancy of his reputation. He had the happy faculty of making and keeping strong friendships. His official family, the diplomatic bodies, the representatives of the people, educational and charitable leaders, the rulers of the nations, all respected and loved him. What was his secret? His splendid kindliness with his high sense of duty, and his ardent desire to be just, which are the characteristics of a noble manhood. In peace, in war, in legal life, in Congress, in State affairs, in international disputes, in the relations of labor and capital, his sense of justice was always predominant. Like Washington and Lincoln, he was called to meet great crises, and his success merits for him a place among the great presidents of history. He was one of the most lovable and courteous of men, with the simplicity and gentleness of a child. He was generous minded, and all who approached him found a kindness which went straightway to the heart. Men forgot

his politics and his creed, and knew him as a man who was the President. He had a reverence for old age which was most touching. He put everyone at ease with him, and was always prepared to do a kindly act. He strove to unite all sections in a common love for the republic, and his visits to the South were triumphal marches. Under the blue he fought for the unity of the republic, but when reconstruction came, he stretched a brother's hand to those who wore the gray, and showed that the unity was a reality. Blue and gray weep over his grave as that of a patriot President. He loved the old soldier, for he recalled his own military life, and he loved the stranger who sought here an asylum for political and religious liberty. He had a deep religious, Christian sense which never allowed him to be ashamed of being a Christian and devout man. This brought God to his lips in his dying moments, and with God the spirit of forgiveness to the poor wretch who, with misguided ideas, had struck a blow at his life and at liberty. Gladstone said of Palmerston, "He had a nature incapable of enduring anger or any sentiment of wrath, which was one of the great sources of his influence over men." This was true of President McKinley.

His tender thought for his beloved wife, his prayer for pardon from God for his enemy, his obedience to God's will, marked the end of the life of a man whom we all knew to be a man of faith who always trusted in God. He died at the moment of his nation's greatest prosperity. His last public utterance as president was praise for his country's development and counsel for its more brilliant future. How beautiful his words of hope to the great Pan-American peoples whose representatives had gathered around him to find inspiration for their own national development, in industry and in greatness. He has left us the grandest of republics, and with it a name beyond reproach.

"Men of character," says Emerson, "are the conscience of the society to which they belong." Character, more than genius, wins our admiration. We may marvel at genius, but we love the good man. Goodness rules, it ennobles and inspires, it is the very soul of character. It touches us with its

sympathy, for, after all, we are more heart than head. It springs from a moral conscience, which is built upon a sense of right. The true wealth of a nation is in its men of character. To know them is to be lifted up to higher ideals and nobler purposes; to have had their friendship is a blessing from God. An old author has said that there are three friendships that are advantageous—friendship with the upright, friendship with the sincere, and friendship with men of observation. Mr. McKinley's friendship combined all three. His high moral sense, his perfect honesty of purpose, and his vast experience made acquaintance with him of rarest value. It was easy to know him, and once known, he could never be forgotten. I recall with affection his visit to my simple home at Washington. His appreciation of the welcome to the University, his lively sense of the advantages offered to young men, his words of wise encouragement and advice, on the mission of educated men in our republic, will long be remembered by all who heard him. The simplicity, the gentleness, the kindness of the hour spent with me, his love for music and the birds as they sang in the woods about us, his expression of interest in the old Bay State, and his affection for our revered Senator Hoar, are all pleasant memories which will ever hover around my university home. It was an insight into the character of a truly great and good man. Of him might be said what was so well said of another—

> "In lives like thine, as pure as fair,
> Earth's golden knighthood breathes again
> Amid a world of sordid greed,
> Of paltry aims, of perjured trust,
> We knew thee strong and pure and just."

But he has gone from the councils of state over which he presided with such masterly skill. The eye that beamed pleasantly on us will shine on us no more, in this life. The voice with its strong eloquence will be heard no more—the sympathy and love which he shared so generously with his friends will be theirs no longer. But he has left a character which is purer than gold and richer than diamonds—a character in which were exemplified, in a marked degree, the virtues of the

home and of the servant of the people. He never violated a trust, he never did man a wrong.

"He never drew
A trusting heart from the pure and true."

Is it a wonder that we should mourn? Is it a wonder that the heart is ready to break when the word of his death reaches us? We should grieve, but we should not despair. We should mourn like men of faith who trust in law and in the people, because we trust in God. If he would give us a lesson in our bereavement it would be one of calmness and coolness in appreciating the dangers that threaten us—dangers that found fateful expression in robbing of life a ruler who had never wronged the man who struck the fatal blow. Never was wise counsel more necessary. We are at a moment for most careful consideration of our national needs. He would bid us educate men to a sense of the meaning of liberty, that thus they may the better exercise their citizenship which finds its safeguard in authority which comes from God. Wrongs exist in society, but all wrongs can be righted by law, which is the very reason of a community as it is of an individual. Liberty is often confused with license. Liberty is not to be found in doing wrong, but in doing right. The absolute sovereign is justice, and liberty cannot exist except through order, which is the result of just laws. Men who proclaim that they have done away with God and that there must be no government and no religion, are the enemies of society. Do away with God and you do away with conscience, all moral sense is a myth, and in what are we better than savages? Life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness do not mean license to destroy property or life, or to diminish the rights and privileges of others. They are man's inalienable rights, guaranteed by law which protects the citizen in the possession and enjoyment of them. They are the results of the freedom with which God has made us free. We are social beings and not wild beasts of the jungle, nor chimpanzees of the forests. There is no duty to man that has not its source in duty to God, and there is no law worthy of the name which does not spring from the

eternal law. Anarchy has no place among a free people. The torch of the incendiary, the red flag of the commune or the bullet of the assassin, are not weapons which a free people can ever recognize. By the ballot we make and unmake policies, we redress grievances and maintain our rights. The president of to-day is the private citizen of to-morrow, and the farmer's son, or the boy by the towpath may one day rule the nation. By the ballot, we stamp our approval or our condemnation on political platforms and direct our public servants to do a people's will. Anarchy is subversive of all our privileges, and must be met with a determination that the people are to rule and law must be obeyed. Now is the time when calm, judicious consideration should be given to the best way to meet this most serious and far-reaching problem. Let us not forget that to us who see clearly the designs of an all-wise Providence there should come consideration for those to whom false education, and perhaps circumstances of life have given mistaken ideas of responsibility. You cannot kill ideas, neither can you legislate men out of ideas, but you can educate men out of false ideas. The study of the causes that have led and still lead to such conditions is a duty before us all. The sanctity of human life must be safeguarded, crime must meet a condign punishment, and law and order must be maintained. The necessity of God in public and private life, the need of positive religion in education must strike all thinking men as powerful essential agencies in solving the problems which confront us.

We need a greater reverence for the offices of government and greater respect for the individuals whom we elect. Ridicule of the man or misrepresentation of his acts are sources that often lead to revolution. The office of president of a great people is sacred, and the person of the President is sacred. We need more reverence for both from press and people. This should be manifested during the life of the man, and not merely reserved as a tribute after death. President McKinley is dead, but the republic lives and God rules over all. The choice of the people takes his place, and a bereaved nation hails him as President Roosevelt. To him reverence

and loyalty and love as to his predecessor. In him is vested the authority over the people, and in him the people have unbounded confidence. May God bless our republic and our President. Our sympathy and affection go out to the sorrowing family and devoted friends of President McKinley, and above all to the companion of his domestic loves, the much-afflicted wife. May God's choicest graces be hers, in this hour of deepest grief. Her loss is greater than ours, and no one but God can know her affliction and He alone can comfort her. Your friend and mine, and the friend of all the people is to-day laid to rest beside his parents in the churchyard of his Canton home. A sorrowing nation bends over his grave and pays its tribute of love to its well beloved President, and proclaims to the world that it mourns a great and a good man who never violated the people's trust, and who never ceased to have an abiding faith in his God and his country.

"Be his epitaph written on his country's mind,
He served his country and loved his kind."

The next number was a selection from Mendelssohn's "St. Paul," by the Festival chorus, at the conclusion of which Congressman John R. Thayer was introduced as the next speaker.

Hon. John R. Thayer's Address.

The President is dead. Long live the President!

Rulers are mortal, but the nation is eternal!

The murderous assassin has slain our chief magistrate; but no bullet of the anarchist, no danger of the maniac, no secret plotting of the irresponsible fanatics can overthrow the American republic, nor seriously impair our national institutions. Governments survive, though men and rulers may perish.

Twenty years of comparative quiet, following the vast conspiracy of nihilism, had led us to believe that the fires of social revolution were burned out; but we have recently stern reminders that volcanic elements still seethe beneath the surface of

Christendom. Anarchism has followed nihilism and invaded the American republic, raising its red banner of anarchy, as we are most sorrowfully reminded this day.

We shudder to recount, in recent years, the murderous deeds of the wicked and irresponsible anarchists—the slayer of President Carnot, the stabber of the Empress Elizabeth, the would-be assassins of Emperor William, the killer of King Humbert, in other countries; and the cowardly murder of our own beloved President.

The flag of our country—the emblem of liberty and love—floats this day at half-mast in every town and hamlet in this broad country, from schoolhouse to Capitol, over nearly eighty millions of people, and thus symbolizes the grief and mourning of all loyal citizens of the nations. This sorrow is a common one, knowing no party, section, sect or creed, but each good citizen vies with the other in expression of a nation's sorrow and a nation's grief.

As we stand by the bier of the martyred President and recall his manly character, his lovable personality, his great, sympathetic heart, now laid low by the hand of the stealthy, cowardly assassin, in the agony of our broken, bleeding hearts, we are almost constrained to exclaim, "Oh! my God, why hast Thou deserted us?"

The deed that took the life of the President is one of the most dastardly in the records of crime. The miserable wretch who plunged the nation into gloom and mourning declares that he is an anarchist, whose despicable motto is, "Truth forever on the scaffold; wrong forever on the throne," and by an anarchist, too, who was following and living up to the teachings which have thus far been permitted to be promulgated publicly under the assumed protection afforded for free speech, by those who would inflame popular mind by appeals to the worst passions, to the end that riot, disorder and ruin shall take the place of law, justice and order. It remains to be seen how much longer such teachings and doctrines, disseminated with impassioned harangues, will be permitted to be taught and spread broadcast under the garb and sanction of free speech, and for how long a suffering people shall permit those entertaining these pernicious,

criminal and infernal theories and teachings to land on our shores or remain in our midst, sharing in all the blessings and comforts which our government so generously furnishes, yet plotting the destruction of the very government which protects them, and assassinating our chosen rulers.

When anarchy struck at President McKinley, it aimed its blow not at tyranny or despotism, but at the liberty and safety of the American people. The murderous assault upon our unprotected President was a stab at the heart of justice and liberty.

The people of this republic always give the full measure of their respect and allegiance to the chief executive of the nation, and yet it does not follow that all agree with his statements, his economics, his ministerial acts, or his administration, but all right-minded citizens, with one accord, recognize the right of legally constituted majorities to govern, and that obedience and respect are always due to the encumbent of the greatest office known among governments. We are all loyal to our chosen leaders, and when that fatal shot was fired at Buffalo at the heart of the President of this great republic, who, obedient to the call of his country, and from a sense of duty, had left his peaceful abode to grace by his presence an exposition of the creation of human art, the products of human industry and the progress of human science, all differences of political parties, principles and policies were forgotten in the common grief and sorrow. We see him at his post of duty when the swift and startling messenger of death overtook him. He was discharging his responsibilities in a modest yet dignified manner, which has so endeared him to the rank and file of the American people.

The character of President McKinley was as the open day—neither darkness nor shadow rested upon it. There was nothing hidden that should be revealed. Rockribbed by integrity and probity, his conduct was ever just and honorable. The dignity of his manhood spurned all that was mean and worthless, and his virtues lent a charm of manner and social attractiveness that gave him a prominence among great and true men. The page of his life was clearly written, without blot or stain. The breath of suspicion or the shafts of obliquy could not reach it; the

rancor or aspersion could not touch it; malignity and vindictiveness found there no entrance; but his life was rounded out by kindness and love for all men. His loyalty to truth, his fealty to duty, his unswerving devotion to the interests of the whole country and all the people, as he understood them, carved for him in the hearts of men an enduring tablet. He recognized the fact that human justice and benevolence have not yet eliminated charity from the social fabric. The enmity evolved by the heat of partisanship and political strife passed by him as an idle wind. The cardinal principles of his creed were sympathy and kindness, amid the common affairs of men; in the high functions of his exalted position, and in the nearer and dearer ties of home and family, the voice of duty prevailed.

We rest content in the belief that our lamented President has passed on to the better and higher life that lies beyond the confines of mortality. The lessons of his life, whose pleasant remembrances rob even death of some of its sadness, let us treasure, and may they prove a stimulating influence to us all for a higher and nobler life!

Surely, if happiness can come from the honors or triumphs of this world, Mr. McKinley may well have been a happy man. No forebodings of evil haunted him, no premonition of danger clouded his sky. One moment he stood erect, strong, confident in the years stretching peacefully out before him; the next, he lay wounded, bleeding, helpless, doomed for the grave.

Great in life, he was equally great in death. In the frenzy of wantonness and wickedness he was thrust from the full tide of his world's interest, from its hopes and its aspirations, into the visible presence of death. With unfaltering front he faced it. With unfailing tenderness he took leave of life. Above the demoniac hiss of the assassin's bullet he heard the voice of God. With simple resignation he bowed to the divine decree, as fittingly expressed by his last audible words, "His will be done."

April 27, 1893, at Galena, Ill., in delivering a eulogy upon President Grant, Mr. McKinley made use of the following language, which I consider proper to reproduce upon this occasion, and deem as applicable to himself as it was fitting to General Grant: "He was not an old man when he died, but, after all, what a com-

plete life was his. Mighty events and mightier achievements were never crowded into a single life before, and he lived to place them in enduring form to be read by the millions living and the millions yet unborn. Then laying down his pen, he bowed resignedly before the Angel of Death, saying, 'If it is God's providence that I shall go now, I am ready to obey His will without a murmur.' Great in life, majestic in death, he needs no monument to perpetuate his fame. It will live and glow with increased lustre so long as liberty lasts and the love of liberty has a place in the heart of man. Surrounded by a devoted family, with a mind serene and a heart resigned, he passed over to join his fallen comrades beyond the river on another field of glory, above him in his chamber of sickness and death being the portraits of Washington and Lincoln, whose disembodied spirits in the Eternal City were watching and waiting for him who was to complete the immortal trio of America's first and best-loved, and as earthly scenes receded from his view and the celestial appeared, I can imagine those were the first to greet his sight and bid him welcome. We bow in affectionate reverence and with most grateful hearts to those immortal names—Washington, Lincoln and Grant (and may I add McKinley), and will guard, with sleepless vigilance, their mighty work and cherish their memories evermore."

Rt. Rev. Mgr. Thomas Griffin, D.D., then delivered the benediction as follows:

In grief, in sorrow and in anguish we humbly prostrate before Thee, O omnipotent and merciful God! as, on this day of our national affliction, we look into the open grave of the President of our beloved country.

With love and confidence we have knelt before Thy throne imploring Thee to save the life of the chief magistrate. In the sunshine and shadow of the days of his suffering we turned to Thee with longing, and from grateful hearts poured out our thanks for the radiant promise of the convalescent life, and for the hope that was strengthened in us that he would be spared to lead his country to yet new and great triumphs.

Alas! that the kindled hope has been extinguished, and that

the President of this mighty republic should be borne to-day to an untimely grave! Yet, we thank Thee, Lord, that his going forth has enriched us with the precious heritage of sublime resignation to Thy will and of Christian charity and forgiveness. "God's will be done." How beautiful are the words on his dying lips, and how sweetly tender and truly Christian the prayer of clemency and pardon—"Touch him not! I forgive him!"—for the foolish and wretched man that sought his life. Fill Thy servants, O Lord, with the spirit of holy resignation. Be especially to her, the bereaved wife, whom the sword of sorrow has so deeply pierced, a refuge and strength.

We pray Thee, O God, in behalf of Thy servant, whom, by the voice of the people, Thou hast called in Thy mysterious dispensation to preside over the destinies of this great nation, endow him with wisdom and prudence, clothe him with every virtue, put on him the armor of justice on the right hand and on the left, that all his actions may tend to the promotion of righteousness, of peace, of happiness and of prosperity.

Give, O Lord God! to the people of this nation a deeply-religious and abiding sense of Thy presence. Make them understand that "Thou alone art, and that there is no God but Thee." Open the eyes of the blind and foolish who do not see Thee, or who, in their wickedness, cry out that "there is no God."

Inspire the parents, teachers and rulers of this land to teach and imbue the young with a knowledge of Thee and of Thy law, that they may be blessed in knowing Thee and sanctified in the observance of Thy commandments.

And now, O Lord God! bless our country; lead it safely onward to the fulfillment of the destiny that Thou hast appointed. Be our firmament, our refuge, our helper, our protector. Remove from us all pride and vainglory; fill us with the spirit of humility, that we may regard ourselves only as Thy servants and ready to ascribe all the good to Thee, to whom honor, praise, glory and benediction, forever and ever!

Not to us, O Lord! not to us; but to Thy name, give glory!

The exercises closed with the singing of "America" by the Festival chorus and the audience.

Press Reports.

The memorial exercises held at Mechanics Hall yesterday afternoon, on the occasion of the obsequies of the late President McKinley, will leave an ineffaceable remembrance in the minds of the thousands of people whose good fortune it was to be present. Besides the solemn splendor lent to the exercises by the superb rendering of funeral hymns by the grand chorus of the coming Music Festival, it is unquestionable that the speeches delivered upon this occasion will be remembered as among the most eloquent eulogies uttered in the whole country yesterday. The first speaker was our eminent fellow townsman, the venerable Senator Hoar, who, while professing the greatest affection for Mr. McKinley, has been the most vigorous opponent of his foreign policy. When Senator Hoar had finished his speech the vast gathering was so deeply touched that it forgot to applaud him. This is the best tribute it could pay to the eloquence of our "Grand Old Man." Less stirring perhaps, but none the less attentively listened to, was the speech of Dr. G. Stanley Hall, the President of Clark University, and one of the best known of American educators. As an orator it is undoubtedly Monsignor Conaty, the rector of the Catholic University in Washington, who carried away the palm. Our former fellow townsman succeeded in bringing out the fact that loyalty to country is in no wise diminished by differences of opinion in matters of religion. The last speaker was Mr. John R. Thayer, our Representative in Congress, who demonstrated that by the side of the Martyr-President's grave the political partisans had given way to citizens united in a common sorrow. To sum up, these memorial exercises were a veritable event, an event which will have its place in the history of the Heart of the Commonwealth, and the story of which will be handed down from father to son, and to son again.—Editorial from L'Opinion Publique, Sept. 20, 1901.

The city of Worcester paid its tribute to-day to the memory of William McKinley, martyred President of the United States. It was a sincere, heartfelt tribute, not forced, but springing from the real and genuine sorrow of the people.

Never in the history has there been such a general halt in the rush of city life. The thousands of wheels in the factories were still. In office, store and public building all life was halted for

the day. Buildings stood in sombre black, relieved only by the flags at half-mast and the bits of national color draped about the pictures of the dead. Schools were closed and the city everywhere was at a standstill.

It seemed like a day of death. The spirit of grief was in the air, and there was a hush over the city that excelled even the quiet of the Sabbath day. Almost no one took the holiday proclaimed by the President of the United States, the Governor of the State, and the Mayor of the city as a time for pleasure. The hours were given over to thoughts of the dead and hopes for the future.

The booming of the cannon all day, and the tolling of the bells during the funeral hour were the only sounds to break in on the solemnity of the day. The day of the funeral of William McKinley will always be remembered as a sombre one by the adult, and a day full of impressions by the young.

Worcester's greatest ceremonial for the public came at two o'clock this afternoon, when the exercises in Mechanics Hall were held. There 2500 gathered to hear the eulogies of the speakers of national reputation, the singing and the prayers. Thousands who could not gain admission to the hall were turned away.

The Street Railway ordered all cars to run slowly by Mechanics Hall between the hours of two and four o'clock this afternoon, and not a gong was sounded. On the railroads freight trains were discontinued and no business except that most necessary was done. The Postal Telegraph Company silenced every wire in the land for five minutes this afternoon at 2.30 o'clock. The police of Worcester ordered music and everything else calculated to disturb the quiet of the day from the streets. There was a hush everywhere.—Gazette, Sept. 19, 1901.

Last Thursday, when President McKinley was buried, was most solemnly observed in the city as a day of great sorrowing. Factories and stores were closed, and the people expressed in reverent prayers to the Most High their sincere love and regard for their martyred President, and their great grief for his, humanly speaking, untimely death. There was a feeling of sadness all over the city such as is only met with when a people is lamenting the death of a sovereign who has given his life for his country.

The memorial services were held in Mechanics Hall, where 13,000 people endeavored to enter, but where only 3,000 were able to find seats or standing room. McKinley's favorite hymn, "Nearer, my God, to Thee," was sung, and those who

were fortunate enough to get in had the privilege of listening to such eminent orators as Senator George F. Hoar, Rt. Rev. Mgr. Thomas J. Conaty, D.D., Dr. G. Stanley Hall, and Congressman John R. Thayer.

In the evening divine services were held in the churches all over the city.

In Svea Gille's Hall a meeting was announced for 11 o'clock, and a good many members were present. The hall was beautifully decorated in black and white, and a large portrait of President McKinley was placed on a speaker's tribune, erected for the occasion. Brage opened the memorial meeting by singing "Stridsbön," followed by orations by Rudolf Sundin and John P. Holmgren. The meeting closed by Brage singing "America." —From Svea, the illustrated Swedish weekly.

The Heart of the Commonwealth throbbed with pain and sorrow yesterday, in common with every city and hamlet of the United States, as the dead body of their beloved President William McKinley was borne to its last resting-place beside his parents in his Canton home. For a time it almost stopped beating entirely, and nothing but the sobs of its sorrowing citizens was heard. Every-day activities were put aside, and none but those absolutely necessary to keep the pulse going were indulged in, especially between one and six o'clock in the afternoon. Never before in the history of the city was there such a general closing down of business. Even the drug stores, which are the last to close their doors even on Sundays, were shut. The countless thousands of busy wheels in the manufacturing districts were hushed in the presence of death, and the men and women who work over them gathered around the funeral bier of their dead and poured out their grief.

The sombre black and white decorations on every hand were a striking evidence of the love the people of Worcester had for their President. Buildings were draped with the emblems of sorrow, windows were filled with them, and the people who walked the street wore buttons containing the portrait of the dead leader. Services in all the churches of the city were held in the morning, but the great tribute to McKinley's memory was paid at Mechanics Hall in the afternoon. It can safely be said that nowhere in the country was there a meeting that could compare to it. Nowhere was there a quartette of speakers that stand for so much that is good as the quartette that addressed the people who filled Mechanics Hall as it was never filled before.

There have been political meetings in the hall that were largely attended, but there never was one that compared to the

gathering yesterday afternoon. There were no party lines at that meeting. Men who only last fall applauded the denunciation of President McKinley's policy forgot all that and sat side by side with men who believed with the President and supported him loyally by voice and vote. Political policies were cast to the winds. Everybody united in doing honor to the memory of the dead leader.

There was room for less than a third of the big throng in the hall, and it is estimated that nearly 3000 men and women took part in the exercises inside. One of the most touching happenings of the day was when the vast crowd sang, "Nearer, my God, to Thee," before the doors were opened.

And such exercises! No city throughout the broad land paid such a magnificent tribute to the martyred President as did Worcester. On no platform in the country was there a quartette of speakers that could be compared to Worcester's. The mention of their names means eloquence, and in addition to their heartfelt tributes was the singing by the trained Worcester Music Festival chorus of over 200 voices. No man who had gone before had such eloquence and such music at his obsequies.

United States Senator George F. Hoar, a close personal and political friend of the dead President; Rt. Rev. Monsignor Thomas J. Conaty, D.D., president of the Catholic University, at Washington, who stands for the best there is in Catholic education; Dr. G. Stanley Hall, president of Clark University, with its international reputation for learning, and Congressman John R. Thayer, a political rival but ardent admirer of President McKinley, sounded his praises with an eloquence not equaled anywhere.

Senator Hoar's tribute was pathetic in its earnestness, and when he nearly broke down, close to the end of his speech, where he quoted the President's last words, "Goodbye, all," the tremendous audience joined him and many handkerchiefs were brought into use. Dr. Hall's scholarly address discussed the ethical side of the terrible crime that ended the President's life, and Congressman Thayer's fiery denunciation of anarchy met with a hearty response from his listeners. Without any disparagement of the others, it can be said that Monsignor Conaty's address had the greatest effect on the audience. He spoke of the dead President as a personal friend, viewed not from a political nor religious standpoint, but one who attracted by his goodness, one who knew no class nor creed, one who was the President of all the people. His clear, resonant voice reached the hearts of his auditors and made them beat faster as he called to mind in his

eloquent way the characteristics of the dead President that ought to be followed.

Add to this eloquence of the four speakers the singing by the great Festival chorus, the soul-stirring music of 200 trained voices lifted in the President's favorite hymn and other solemn selections, the grand music of the big organ, and an occasional sound of the minute guns fired by Battery B, and an idea may be had of the solemnity of the exercises. It is not often that the solemnity of a funeral is broken by applause, but the feelings of the vast audience yesterday were so well voiced by the speakers that the people forgot the occasion and the addresses of all the speakers were interrupted by handclapping, especially the references to the unity of the country and the denunciation of anarchy.—Spy.

Mechanics Hall, crowded with Worcester citizens, and flooded with oratory, offered this afternoon proof positive, if such proof were lacking, of the genuine nature of Worcester's sorrow for the loss of the nation's chief.

With the words of praise for the dead chief's life, with the strains of sweet music, raised in his honor, sounding in their ears, that gathering of Worcester's sons and daughters, the most representative gathering brought together in this city in years, sat in sorrow this afternoon listening to the lessons drawn from that life mourned by all.

From all quarters of the big Heart of the Commonwealth they came, representatives of all conditions, of all creeds, all social and civic barriers for the nonce brushed aside, that vast assemblage sat shaken with sorrow at the bier of him whom a nation to-day laid to rest, and their tears mingled with those of that woman far away in Canton, O., who has forever bidden good-bye to an honest, upright man, a true American, a good President, and a loving husband.

The doors of the big hall were not thrown open until one o'clock, but long before that hour a crowd had assembled at the main entrance. But big as was the throng, there was no uneasiness manifested, and the guard of thirty-two patrolmen and a sergeant stationed inside and out of the hall had little to do. No children were admitted to the hall, and no seats were reserved except those on the platform for the speakers and invited guests, those for the press, and 200 in the central division on the main floor for the members of George H. Ward Post, G. A. R., who were seated in a body. The Post met at headquarters and marched to the hall in a body.

The big decorations of the hall were simple but effective. On

the big organ-front hung a large picture of the dead President appropriately draped in black, while black streamers fell away to either side. The pictures of Garfield and Lincoln were also draped, and the balcony fronts were festooned with black. The front of the platform was heavily draped with black.

The invited guests, including over 100 men prominent in the religious, civic, and business life of the city, occupied seats on the big platform, and behind them and at either side were the members of the big Festival chorus. The invited guests were met and escorted to their seats by a committee of ushers composed of Councilmen Power, Morrissey, Holden and Bigelow. The seating of the people on the main floor was looked after by a committee of eighteen young men, from the three high schools, six from each. This committee was under the direction of Principals Lewis, Goodwin and Jackson.

The speakers were Senator George F. Hoar, Dr. G. Stanley Hall, president of Clark University; Rt. Rev. Mgr. Thomas J. Conaty, D.D., president of the Catholic University in Washington, and Congressman John R. Thayer.

All of the addresses, which will be found in another portion of this paper, were of the highest order and paid deserving tribute to the memory of the dead President.

Mayor O'Connell as the presiding officer referred to Senator Hoar's close relationship with the dead President in introducing the principal speaker of the day, and he also fittingly referred to each of the other speakers as they were introduced. In opening the meeting the Mayor himself paid a high tribute to the memory of the dead President.—From the Worcester Post, Sept. 19, 1901.

There have been in Worcester services in memory of Lincoln and Garfield, but nothing has there ever been which equaled the demonstration of love and affection for the President of the United States shown in Mechanics Hall yesterday. Although every seat and every inch of standing room in the great hall was taken, there was not space for one-tenth of the people who would have liked to have joined in the service.

Worcester was extremely fortunate in its speakers for the occasion. It is doubtful if at any other memorial meeting in the country there were brought together such men as said their words of eulogy and grief for the dead chieftain at yesterday afternoon's meeting. There were Senator George F. Hoar, Rt. Rev. Mgr. Thomas J. Conaty, D.D., Dr. G. Stanley Hall, and Congressman John R. Thayer, three of them men who are

known not only throughout this country, but in Europe; the other the representative of the people in Congress.

"President McKinley is dead, but the republic lives, and God rules over all."

This sentence from the address of Monsignor Conaty was the keynote of the whole meeting. There was grief and sorrow for the beloved President, but there was nowhere a tone of hopelessness. Beginning with the tender tribute of love by Senator Hoar, throughout the afternoon the addresses had the ring of true Americanism. At the close the chorus and audience joined in singing the national anthem, "America," and never before has that song been sung with a deeper feeling or patriotism.

The memorial service was carried through without the slightest interruption. Everything took place as planned. If the closing exercises had been timed with the greatest care, they could not have been carried out at a more fitting moment. Just at the minute of 4.30 o'clock, the time for the body of the President to be placed away in the tomb at Canton, the first notes of the closing song "America" were sounded, and as the mourners were going away from the Canton cemetery the Worcester mourners were leaving Mechanics Hall.—Telegram.

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